

The Christian Spiritualist

"Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone—that in all things He might have the pre-eminence."

ST. PAUL.

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Vol. I. No. 6.

JUNE, 1871.

Price 2d.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

(With this number we print a *gratis* supplement, of four pages, containing the whole of a correspondence which has taken place between Mr. Benjamin Coleman, of Upper Norwood, and Mr. James Burns, of 15, Southampton Row, both of whom have already ventilated their ideas in the April and May numbers of this Periodical. We print a supplement that the whole of the facts may be known to our readers; and we issue the statement in a supplementary form that it may be separated from the *Christian Spiritualist*, as such, or bound up with the numbers, as our readers may decide. In giving currency to this correspondence, we pronounce no opinion whatever upon its merits. The controversy lies between Mr. Coleman and Mr. Burns, and not between those gentlemen and ourselves; but having allowed both parties to speak through these columns, we could not, without manifest injustice, withstand the appeal made to us to present the whole correspondence in its present form.—ED. C.S.)

“A DISCIPLE OF JESUS, BUT SECRETLY,
FOR FEAR OF THE JEWS.”—(19 *John*,
38 v).

In estimating the number of persons who are, in some sense or other, Spiritualists, and know themselves to be such, we must take into account not only those who avow their Spiritualism, and accept all the consequences of the avowal; but the many persons, scattered here and there, who, while they do not positively conceal their belief, oftentimes refrain from avowing it, when, as it seems to us, avowal is a simple duty, and who, as a general rule, shrink from allowing

others to know that they are what they are and believe what they believe. Now it would be a cruel injustice to account for this secret discipleship by referring it to mere moral cowardice. For, in the first place, many of these very persons are known to be the reverse of cowards, and bear their crosses with quiet Christian fortitude. There are also reasons which are to them satisfactory, and by which they defend their reticence on matters pertaining to Spiritualism. They know that large numbers of Spiritualists, particularly in England and America, are the avowed opponents of Christianity, and do what in them lies to hinder its spread. They know that Spiritualist writers, speakers, and even private believers, frequently mix with their avowal of Spiritualism the expression of opinions which are felt to be as untrue as they are distasteful. They know how impossible it would be for them, were they called upon to do so, to defend much which passes under the name of Spiritualism. And, finally, they are perfectly conscious that much of the evidence which convinced their own minds in the first instance, which helps to keep alive their convictions, is more appreciable by themselves than it would be by others, and is oftentimes not of a character that is demonstrative. Their belief, as far as it exists and has been avowed, has really cost them something, and they have at last got to suppose their concealment of it can do little or no harm, while their confession could do little or no good. There is also in some minds an instinctive dread of standing alone, an extreme aversion to the loosening of party ties, a great liking for consistency, an unselfish dread of giving pain to friends, and, we think it must be admitted, a feeling that, after all, “SPIRITUALISM IS NOT WORTH THE SACRIFICE OF OPEN CONFESSION.”



and that a private belief in it is as much as the cause has a right to demand at their hands.

Of course, in putting in these pleas, we are offering them on behalf of the sincere, not the consciously hypocritical. For hypocrisy, whatever form it may take, and to whatever extent it may show itself, we have one word and one word only, that of unqualified condemnation; and we think the question which the Lord raised in reference to all such characters 1800 years ago has never yet been answered, and is itself unanswerable; "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the judgment of the Gehenna?" We always pass by baseness with three-fold argument of anger, pity, and silence.

But for those who, while they are weak, are yet sincere, we have a "word of exhortation" and expostulation.

The good opinion of others, supposing it to be honourably obtained, and as honourably retained, helps culture, good manners, benevolence, and morality. But the good opinion of others should not be our only, and, certainly not, our highest standard. For others do not know us, while they are often fickle in their regard, and selfish in their intentions; add to which the great fact that there is an end coming, when the soul will come into a greater conscious nearness to God, and when the whole question of our relations with him and our destiny will turn upon our fidelity. Every truth is a talent committed to our keeping and use, and he who repeats the concealment of the servant who wrapped his talent in a napkin, may reasonably expect that servant's doom. Personal fidelity to individual convictions can alone make our belief definite, useful and permanent; can alone preserve fresh within us the spirit of truth, and can alone yield us that strength which we all of us need if we would "fight the good fight and lay hold of eternal life."

Let us be careful that our avowals do not go beyond the measure of our convictions; let us, from time to time, examine, and, if need be, revise our beliefs; let us be Christianly prudent in teaching others what we know and believe; but never let us hide our light from fear of man, or any consequences personal to ourselves. O friends, when will that time arrive in which man, made in the image of his Maker and endowed with immortality, shall have no degrading and weakening fear of God, no fear of death, no fear of poverty, no fear of society's adverse verdict?

We know not, nor is it for us to know. But we may each one of us help forward that time, by personal fidelity and open confession. St. John tells us in his Gospel (12 c. 42, 43 v.), "Nevertheless among the chief rulers also many believed on Him; but because of the Pharisees they did not confess Him, lest they should be put out of the synagogue: for they loved the

praise of men more than the praise of God." The synagogue, the Pharisees, the chief rulers, and the people of that time have all passed away, on to the eternal Judgment. We wonder how the secret disciples of that day felt when first they became distinctly conscious of their infidelity. How must their poor excuses and shallow subterfuges have shrivelled up as the rays of the light and heat of God fell upon them; how must the Nicodemuses and Josephs of Arimathæa, who could openly honor the dead Christ, but had only secret words of approval for the living One, have since cowered beneath His gaze, as His pure eyes have looked into theirs, and the indignation mingled with pity flashed from out of them upon their own! This is not playhouse rhetoric; it is sober truth and sober fact. God, in this dispensation of Spiritualism, is revealing to the world truths, ancient indeed as eternity, but not, during this century, so thoroughly manifested as at the present day. Who will open their eyes to the light, who will use it rightly, who will stand by it in the evil day, who will sacrifice for it, who will be willing to suffer the *major* as well as the *minor* excommunication for its sake? Again we say, we know not; but we know our own personal duty, and, God helping us, we will do it.

"Whoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of Man also confess before the Angels of God: but he that denie h me before men shall be denied before the Angels of God": xii. Luke, 8, 9 v.

"I DON'T BELIEVE IT."

So said one of the most celebrated metaphysical writers of the present day to a female relative of his, who had told him of certain Spiritualistic experiences of hers, and, especiall, of a sudden case of healing by M. Jacob, of which she had been the subject.

An extremely easy way of disposing of the whole thing, and making it impossible for a rejoinder to be given with the least respect due to one's own convictions!

And yet the gentleman who made that reply is morally incapable of anything dishonourable, while his general liberality of mind is well known, and has never been questioned. He is a believer in clairvoyance, and considers that the phenomena connected with that peculiar manifestation of our wondrously complex nature must be accepted as among the facts from which there can be no successful right of appeal.

Surely intelligent, well read men, deeply versed in the philosophy of mind, and who are so placed as to be beyond the suspicion of dishonourable motives, do not need to be reminded that our belief or disbelief does not create a fact, any more than it can annihilate one. What we may believe or disbelieve is one thing: what the fact really is may be another, and an altogether different thing. Events are continually transpiring which, before hand, would have seemed altogether incredible; but the "logic of facts" is inexorable, and allows

of no private judgment to the extent of stultifying itself. If a man should venture an assertion that a geometrical figure can be round and oblong at one and the same time, the geometer would be fully borne out by the nature of things were he to dispute and deny such a proposition. So, too, if some foolish person were to insist upon it that the total result of two being added to two was five, the laws of arithmetic would be dead against him, and need fear no argument on the other side. But has it ever occurred to those who say of Spiritualist phenomena, "I don't believe it," that they must first of all prove those phenomena to be not merely improbable in the highest degree, but positively contrary to the very nature of things? A hundred years ago, if one man had said to another, "It is possible by scientific appliances to send a message from the city of London to the city of New York, and receive an answer to it within the space of an hour," the probable answer would have been, "I don't believe it." But the Atlantic cable has since proved the possibility of such messages, by actual transmission day by day. In the early summer of 1868, the writer* of this article was in the city of New York for three consecutive weeks, and, morning by morning, at breakfast time, he read in the columns of the 'New York Herald' a fair outline of the proceedings in the British House of Commons on the preceding evening. All this seems entirely credible now, because the evidence is irresistible. But the possibility of that evidence was all along latent, only that until recently it did not emerge into the region of demonstration.

Scientific men are ordinarily painstaking and careful in working out their results, and particularly so in coming to definite conclusions; but in the matter of Spiritualism they are more than ordinarily careless; hence the flippant and contemptuous way in which they turn their backs upon the evidence offered by Spiritualists, by whomsoever offered, or under whatsoever circumstances.

Did it ever occur to scientific people that credibility is a thing of time and degree, and that they ought not, if they would be consistent with themselves, to reject, at once and wholly, all the evidence which Spiritualists offer them of the reality of communion between what we call the living and the dead, as well as of the reality of the operation of occult powers in nature, which sometimes take the form in their development of healing the sick, and doing it all but instantaneously. If all the Spiritualists who confront the public with their statements were morally unreliable, or intensely ignorant, or morbidly enthusiastic, scientific men would be justified in at least suspending their judgment, and refusing to admit that what we call Spiritualism is worthy of attention and credence. But many of our best known Spiritualists in England, on the Continent, and in America are persons of unblemished moral character, of more than average intelligence, of a fair degree of culture, and who can have no possible motive leading them to deceive themselves or deceive others. And such being the facts, as thousands can testify, it is not generous, to say nothing of justice, to confront a deliberate statement with "I don't believe it." When a man who is thoroughly competent to conduct the inquiry, is told by a Spiritualist that this or that thing happened, his duty is to insist upon

being furnished with names, dates, places, and all the particulars necessary to a full examination of the whole matter; and if any, or all of these, are withheld, he may be fairly excused from taking a single step. But supposing them to be supplied, and by one who in any other case would be believed, he is not justified in simply saying "I don't believe it," and supposing that that answer is a justifiable one. Perhaps he does not believe it, but what of that? Inquiry may lead him to do so, or looking at the matter from his point of sight may enable him to disprove all that has been told him, which would be so much to the good for him; but to say flatly and merely, "I don't believe it," is to be rude and dogmatic, little as he may intend to be either the one or the other.

Eighteen hundred years ago three crosses were erected on the hill called Calvary, outside of Jerusalem, upon which three men were extended, two of them robbers, and the third who occupied the middle cross being the victim of Jewish hate. When the criminal in the centre bowed His head, and said, "It is finished, and gave up the ghost," had it been whispered in the ears of the chief priests through whose instrumentality He had come to His mortal end, "It is you, not He, who have failed; it is you, not He, who have stultified yourselves; it is you, not He, who have prepared for yourselves everlasting infamy;" how would they have resented so impertinent a suggestion! Everything seemed to tell in their favour. The eyes which once flashed indignation against them, or melted in pity for their victims, were now closed in death; the lips which once exposed their evil doings, and denounced upon them the judgment of God, were now silent; He who for at least 18 months had been going up and down Galilee, Judea, and the streets of Jerusalem, speaking His word, and doing His deed, was now a dead criminal, in the hands of the Roman power, and the very picture of utter helplessness. To have said to His enemies, "This is God's method for ensuring His success; this is God's way of giving Him the truest immortality; in this way God will show that weakness itself can be made to yield strength;" would have been to hazard the certainty of receiving for an answer, "We don't believe it." Exactly so. Everything seemed to be in their favour and against Him. But how is it now? "He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." We wonder how the rulers now feel, who on that "black Friday" looked up at the patient sufferer, and said, "He saved others, let Him save Himself if He be the Christ, the chosen of God. He trusted in God, let Him deliver Him now if He will have Him, for He said, 'I am the Son of God.'" Generations ago they must have been overwhelmed with surprise and shame, as they found that the shame of Christ was His glory, that the death of Christ was His life, that the failure of Christ was His success.

"I don't believe it." It is a foolish remark, and should never be made by any man until he has sifted the evidence touching the matter in question, and convinced himself beyond the possi-

* "The writer," not the composer.—ED. C.S.

bility of any reasonable doubt that he is justified in using such words. Why, if Spiritualism could have been frowned down, or snuffed out, by natural philosophers, metaphysicians, or divines it would have been out of existence long ago. But it lives and thrives to-day because it is true, and all the opposition which men, *in the flesh or out of it*, can bring to bear against it, will only end in simple failure. If this movement had been "of men," it would have been overthrown long ago, but it is "of God," and therefore cannot be overthrown; and the true wisdom of those who oppose it lies not in passively accepting the evidence it proffers, but in examining it, with open minds and a stern disregard of all consequences.

And this is what we have to say when people meet us with the awful words, "I don't believe it."

(On Thursday afternoon, April 20th, 1871, the Editor of this Periodical became suddenly aware of some strong impressions being made upon his mind, and on turning his eyes inwards he read off the above article, and dictated it to a friend present, who took it down in shorthand: hence its appearance here. He would not go so far as to say that the article itself is in no degree coloured by passing through the medium of his mind; *on the contrary, he quite thinks it is*; but he does most positively assert that one minute before he began to dictate he had no thought of the subject, and he is morally certain that the article itself came to him from a source outside of himself. On the article coming to an end, the question was asked, audibly, whether the Spirit had anything more to say, and if he would give his name, when he added, in a voice distinctly heard by the Editor, the following words: "One who in the days of his flesh disbelieved Spiritualism, but who now knows it is true. I was to have preached for you once, just before I passed away, but was taken very ill. You will remember John Robertson, who used to be at Halstead, and who under the signature of 'Nemo' wrote some letters in the 'Inquirer,' criticising Mr. Hopps and his statements about Spiritualism." It ought to be added that the Editor of the 'Christian Spiritualist' has only this day (May 9th) become aware that the 'Nemo' of the 'Inquirer' was his departed friend, Mr. Robertson).

HEALING WATERS.

THE following letter from the Rev. Canon Tandy, D.D., has been placed at the disposal of the Editor of the *Tablet* by a priest of the Roman Catholic diocese of Birmingham, and contains a curious account of a recent "miracle," which may not be uninteresting to Spiritualists:—

S. Paul's Convent, Selly Oak, Birmingham,
Jan. 17, 1871.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—In compliance with your request I send you the following statement of the favours granted last year to two of the Sisters of Charity of S. Paul, through the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes.

Of these, one had injured her leg, in the month of October, 1869, by slipping from a step-ladder whilst dusting the shutters in the community room of S. Paul's. Externally the injury seemed to be slight, but she soon began to suffer acutely, so that it became necessary to call in medical advice. The doctor at once pronounced the case to be serious, as he feared that a principal nerve had been grievously wounded. He tried various remedies for a long period, but with very little effect. Sometimes a slight

amelioration took place, but it was not lasting. Twice he infused opium into the injured part, but each time, after a day or two of comparative ease, the pain and lameness returned worse than ever. The leg gradually withered away; the pain extended further; following the course of the nerve, it ascended above the knee, then to the side, and at length began to affect the spine. The knee-joint also became contracted, so that the poor sister could not straighten it nor put her foot to the ground, nor could she bear anyone to touch the leg; in fact, she was in almost constant pain from the hip to the ankle. In this state she remained until the beginning of the month of May, at which time she could not stir without the aid of a stick and crutch, and even then not without great anguish. The doctor declared that he thought the case a hopeless one, and that he feared she would lose altogether the use of both legs. The other Sister had been afflicted for a long time with sores and abscesses in her back and thigh, but had been able to conduct a large school till about the middle of 1869, when it became necessary to recall her to S. Paul's. There her state soon grew to be very serious, and for several weeks she was confined to her bed, as fresh abscesses kept forming and bursting, so that she was reduced to a state of extreme weakness. Towards the end of April, 1870, she became somewhat better, so as to be able to get up and go into the next room to the infirmary with the aid of the arm of a Sister. But she could neither walk nor stand without assistance, and her pains were at all times very acute.

Such was the state of the two Sisters, when it was resolved to have recourse to our Lady of Lourdes. Having received notice that two bottles of the water from the grotto had been forwarded to S. Paul's, the Sisters began a Novena on the 1st of May, hoping that the package would arrive before the end of it. But soon a letter came to say that the case containing the bottles had been injured, and one at least of them broken, and hence the agent had hesitated about forwarding the remaining one. Still the Sisters continued their Novena, adding an intention that the unbroken bottle might arrive safe. The event showed that their prayer was heard. The doctor came to S. Paul's on Thursday, May 5th. He saw both the Sisters, and carefully examined the bruised leg of the first-named Sister. He found it as tender as ever, and again expressed his great fears about both cases. The two Sisters passed a very restless night between the 5th and 6th of May. The one with the wounded leg did not close her eyes all night through pain and weakness.

On Friday morning, May 6th, the unbroken bottle arrived. The capsule, with the monogram of Our Lady of Lourdes, was untouched; so that evidently all was right. I myself immediately took it up to the infirmary, where I found the two Sisters lying on separate couches opposite to each other, dressed, but quite as unable to move without assistance as they had ever been. I gave them the bottle of water, and left them highly delighted with the unexpected treasure. But I supposed they would not take any of the water until the end of the Novena. As soon, however, as I was gone, they begged of the Sister Infirmarian to let them drink some of it at once, and having obtained her consent, and said the prayers of the Novena, each at the same moment drank a small glass of the water. In an instant the one who was suffering from abscesses exclaimed, "I feel that I can walk!" and the other replied, "And so do I." Then, suiting the action to the words, the latter jumped off her couch, without any assistance whatever, ran, or rather danced round the room, went into the next room, where another Sister was lying ill, and then rushed to the chapel. Every vestige of pain was gone—she could straighten her knee, put her foot to the ground, and walk or run without any hindrance. In a short time she went downstairs, without any extaneous support, to present herself to the Rev. Mother, and beg of her to come to the chapel to recite the *Te Deum*, in her own name, and that of the other Sister. For she also had got up from her couch unassisted, and was walking about without the aid of even a stick, and without pain. The emotion of the Rev. Mother may be better conceived than described. But, having convinced herself of the reality of the favours granted by Our Lady, she summoned the community to the chapel, and then sent for me to join them there. I need not say how heartily we recited the *Te Deum* in gratitude for such wonderful favours.

It is now nearly eight months since the event, and eve

since the two Sisters have bidden adieu to the infirmary. The one who had sustained the injury to her leg has never experienced the slightest return of the pain or debility. By the end of the Novena the shrunken limb had resumed its natural proportions, and in a very short time every mark of the injury had disappeared. She is now as well as she ever was in her life, and is able to fill an office which requires much bodily exertion. A more perfect cure could not be imagined. The other Sister still suffers from a wound of very long standing, but she can go about all her duties, and is at the present time in charge of a large poor-school. The great pain in her spine, which made her quite helpless previous to the 6th of May, completely left her at the moment she drank the water, and has not since returned. There can be no doubt that in each case an extraordinary favour has been granted, though in one it is more *visibly* manifest than in the other.

You are at liberty to make what use you choose of the above communication.—I remain, my dear sir, yours very sincerely,
W. TANDY.

Readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* will, perhaps, remember an article in the number for November, 1869, signed "T. H. D.," entitled "Notre Dame de Lourdes." In it is given a detailed account of the origin of the belief in the miraculous powers of the stream at Lourdes, in the South of France, which is said to have been pointed out by the Blessed Virgin to "Bernadette," a young girl of a delicate constitution, and a very devotional frame of mind, on the 29th February, 1858. Those who have not met with the article in question, would do well to obtain the number of the *Spiritual Magazine* which contains it.

A book, called "Notre Dame de Lourdes," has been published by M. Henri Lasserre, himself cured from a state of almost total blindness by the timely application of this healing water. There may be some who, on perusing, by no means sceptically, these histories, while admitting the probability of the facts, because believing in visions and apparitions, and in the communication of healing by divers means, may yet stumble and be "offended" at their essentially Roman Catholic tone and tendency, and be inclined to ask, "Why should the Virgin be necessarily the Spirit employed to communicate the knowledge of the healing efficacy of this stream, and why should its curative power be ascribed to her influence?" The difficulty may, perhaps, be removed by the recollection that the Spirits belonging to spheres with which persons are "en rapport," or in sympathy, alone can influence them. The Greek heroes of ages lost in the mists of fable controlled and visited long after their departure their worshipping successors in their sunny land. The Prairie Indian of to-day sees visions of departed "braves," dwelling in the "happy hunting grounds." Bernadette herself, a devout and believing Catholic, would naturally see and be addressed by a Spirit to whom her simple pious heart had continually gone forth in humble but utter love. We see what we are able to see. The higher we are, the higher the influences that can be brought to bear upon us. Involuntarily we are perpetually

practising invocation, for "like attracts like." It is a solemn consideration that there are some states of the human mind and will, in which we may say, speaking with all reverence, that God Himself cannot help us; or heal our souls; for He acts ever by the law of sympathy, in that which is spiritual, and man's will is free; "Ye *will* not come unto Me that ye might have life." A few words now on "healing waters" of various degrees.

Besides its material and practical properties of cleansing, vivifying, and reviving, and the many exquisite images and touching emblems which these qualities have suggested, it is known universally that water is an unequalled vehicle for the conveyance and fusion of physical substances, which can be so completely dissolved by it, and their particles distributed with such perfection and minuteness, as at times only to be detected by the keenest chemical analysis. To such a height of development has this power of analysis now attained, that it is said to be possible, with the aid of recent applications of science, even to discover from the water in which a person has washed his hands the presence in his system of certain mineral and vegetable medicines lately imbibed. Water is therefore capable of receiving, retaining, and imparting certain chemical and physical substances, imperceptible to the eye, touch, or taste; but yet very really and actually contained within it. Does its power of reception and forgiving end here? Between the natural and the spiritual there is a grand harmony, and a beautiful correspondence; although but little considered or understood. Of the facts and conditions of the merely physical, the "natural," that which is palpable to our bodily senses, or to instruments constructed by human science, even the most advanced philosopher in this age must admit that he has as yet had but a glimpse into nature's vast treasure caves, and is still only picking up pebbles on the shore of the great unexplored and fathomless sea of wonder that stretches before him.

In the domain of the spiritual,—seeking goodly pearls from out the boundless ocean of Eternity,—"so foolish and ignorant" must all own themselves before Him who counts each crystal drop, and every sparkling sand, and holds the mighty waters in the hollow of His hand, that none dare speak but with hesitation, and with "stammering lips." Of the place of meeting between these two,—where the spiritual, acting upon and through the natural, becomes merged in it; of that dim mysterious border land, where mind combines with matter, we can know but very little, and must suggest always rather than dogmatise. The philosophy of Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, and Spiritualism, would seem to have thrown a little light upon

this mid region of misty speculation ; although, as yet, it be but a fitful and a flickering gleam. Chemistry informs us that from all physical substances proceed actual, though invisible, emanations, penetrating in proportion to the conditions they encounter, and the *media* through which they act. The discoveries of Mesmerism, and the theories of Spiritualism, assure us also, that every individual is surrounded by an atmosphere emanating from his "nerve spirit," or "spirit body," or "soul," a force, so to speak, *semi*-material, essentially personal, and varying therefore in quality and quantity, according to individual circumstances ; and that he is moreover encompassed by influences subtler and finer still, proceeding from his "SPIRIT," his very innermost and only real self. In and through this atmosphere—which, though in our present state, it passes through the "natural body," is yet perfectly independent of it, and which will be retained when it is cast aside—dwellers in the Spirit Land can communicate with us, for this strange atmosphere is common ground between us and them. We can, through it, act also upon them, and upon our fellow mortals ; and both we and our brethren out of the body, can, under felicitous conditions, influence by it material substances, impressing upon them, and making them instinct with our very life principle, and conveying through them, as the case may be, good or harm, healing or hurt. When a human being mesmerises water, he throws into it a portion of his atmosphere, his very being. And though the new element introduced be so impalpable as to defy the power of the analyst, being subtle and intangible as the soul itself, yet is there verily and indeed a new and powerful *substance* cast into the liquid, underlying its physical properties, but quite as really there as they are, and proving its presence by its efficacy and results.

A Spirit, therefore, especially a high and glorified Spirit, a "just man" (or woman) "made perfect," far from losing any of this force or virtue, has probably increased it by his emancipation from mortality, and by his own reception of high and holy influences in the Heavenly Country. When God permits, and when there are no adverse conditions, or opposing elements, why should he not be able to pour his own rich fulness of life into the fittest vehicle for its transmission to suffering humanity ?

The susceptibility of water to magnetic influence is beyond a doubt,—and to influences higher still, and more spiritual. Water may be "spiritualized," as well as magnetized, even through human instrumentality ; the medium in this case being but a passive transmitter, not of his own life power, but of the influence of higher Spirit spheres, poured through his human hands !

If these things be true, we hold in them the key to many and glorious mysteries, which have been hidden from so many, because they, like Thomas the Apostle, could not believe except they might see, and touch the evidences of the truth. Let us "ponder these things," and then shall we indeed "praise the Lord for His goodness, and the *wonders* that He doeth for the children of men." There is more significance in this philosophy than appears ; and it is worthy of the most profound reflection. Water being then so suitable a medium for receiving and imparting spiritual healing magnetism, no wonder that we find in all histories and countries healing wells and sacred streams. Incredulity has smiled with pitiful contempt ; but nevertheless these beliefs have continued, and facts sustain them.

In the waters of Jordan, whose banks were guarded doubtless by Angelic beings, the wilful Captain of Assyria's host was bid to bathe. Bethesda's still and silent pool was stirred at times by Spirit visits, and became forthwith imbued with restoring strength.* Miraculous wells dedicated to saints abound on the Continent ; and even in our own land to-day, legends cluster about some waters. St. Winifred's healing well, in North Wales, retains its reputation yet. And wells bearing still "Our Lady's" name, are to be found here and there, in our now Protestant island. One there is in the pretty village of Hempsted, not far from the Cathedral City of Gloucester, called even now "Our Lady's Well." The water is singularly limpid, and the rustics still have a firm belief in its usefulness for weak eyes, or defective sight. Doubtless, in olden days, cures were wrought beside the sparkling rill, in the days when faith in the unseen gave to unseen but kindly beings the conditions of beneficial influence. We have set our wills against such help in England now ; and against our will, and without our faith, helped we cannot be. The Spirits, like their Master, "CAN do no mighty work" amongst us "because of our unbelief."

ALICE E. HACKER,

Birmingham.

[*Undoubtedly the reference here is to 5 John, 4 v. It may be that the fact was as Mrs. Hacker here states it, and as it is stated in our Protestant version of the Scriptures. But it is only fair to add that the verse in question is marked by Griesbach and Kuinoel as "probably to be omitted," and that it is "not found in the great majority of the ancient MSS." (Alford). According to Tischendorf, the Codex Vaticanus and the Codex Sinaiticus omit the verse. With this statement Meyer, Tholuck, and Olshausen agree. Evidently the verse is an interpolation.—ED. C.S.]

HOW DO WE KNOW THAT WE HAVE A SOUL; OR, MATERIALISM AND IMMATERIALISM. (PART II.)

You say, we know what matter is, but do not know what soul is. What, then, is matter? All you can say is, *that which we perceive through the senses*, that is matter. Matter is that which I can see with my eyes, taste with my tongue, touch with my hands, smell with my nose, hear with my ears. Very well. But I cannot touch a thought, or taste a feeling or smell a resolution, or measure the size of my hope and fear. Then these are not matter, but something else. Then there is something else in the world besides matter; and something of whose existence we are just as certain as we are of the existence of matter.

But we must go further. I am more certain of soul than I am of body. Let me suppose that I have some bodily substance before me,—say an apple. I perceive the apple; but what do I perceive? I perceive, you say, some thing round, colored, fragrant, and with taste. By no means. What I perceive is the sensation in myself of roundness, of color, of fragrance. But the sensation is in my mind. How do I know that there is something round and red and sweet outside of my organs of taste and smell and touch? All I perceive is the sensation. But the sensation is not in the apple, is it? The sensation is in myself. How do I know that there is an apple outside of myself,—outside of my sensation? I admit that I do know it; but how do I know it? I answer that I infer it, by an act of reason. I reason spontaneously and instinctively that there must be something outside of me to give me these sensations, because I cannot create them in myself when I choose. So I call that which acts upon me, through my senses, matter. But the sensation, which is in my mind and is immaterial, is more certain than the inference from the sensation. I know the sensation: I infer the existence of the apple.

No doubt, in all this, the mind acts irresistibly and necessarily. When we perceive outward phenomena, through the senses, we are obliged to infer that there is some substance in which they inhere. We call that substance matter. Exactly in the same way, when we perceive inward phenomena through consciousness; when we perceive in ourselves thoughts and feelings,—we are obliged, by a law of our nature, to infer that there is substance in which they inhere, and we call it soul or spirit. And as all the phenomena or qualities of body are different from those of mind, and as all we know of substances is through their phenomena, we are obliged to infer that the substances are different; that is, that there are two substances,—body and soul.

Therefore, whenever any one asks me, "How do you know that there is such a fact as soul?" I may immediately reply, "How do you know that there is such a fact as body? Tell me that, and I will tell you how I know that there is soul." All that you know of body are its qualities, properties, or phenomena; these qualities are all sensible qualities, perceived through the senses. As these qualities are all linked together and co-ordinated, you are obliged to suppose something which unites them, and you call that something matter. Exactly in the same way, all I know of mind are its qualities, properties, or phenomena; and I know all of these through my consciousness. I do not see, smell, or taste my thoughts; but I am conscious of my thoughts. And as my thoughts and feelings and will are all united together and co-ordinated, I am obliged to suppose something which unites them, and I call that something mind or soul or spirit.

We see, therefore, that we are just as sure of the existence of the soul, as we are of the existence of the body; and that no possible proof can be given of the reality of the outward world, which cannot also be given of the real existence of the soul. And I do not think there is a child, capable of understanding any thing, who may not understand this. But I wish to make it a little plainer still.

If the conditions of the body affect the soul, the conditions of the soul also affect the body. A man is in perfect bodily health. A letter is brought to him. He opens it, reads it, and instantly faints away, falling on the ground as if dead. The thought communicated to the mind has acted instantly on the body, causing a reverse action of the heart, and drawing the blood from the brain. No

physical cause can account for this result. Nothing has happened to his body, except what came to it from the mind. Again, something is said on the other side of the room, and it makes you blush; that is, the thought communicated to your soul acts on the blood, and causes it to mount into the capillaries of the face. The soul acts on the body as often as the body acts on the soul. Now if, because the condition of the body affects the mind, you argue that the mind is material,—then, when the condition of the mind affects the body, you ought to argue that the body is immaterial. If one class of facts proves the soul to be a property of the body, the other class of facts proves the body to be a property of the soul. Accordingly, many persons do argue that there is only one substance; but that this is not matter, but spirit. This theory, which makes everything spirit, is certainly more reasonable than that which makes everything matter. But neither is borne out by facts. The facts go to show that there are two substances,—soul and body; and that man is a soul, dwelling at present in a body, which is the garment he wears, the house he lives in, but which he is to lay aside for a house not made with hands, for a heavenly garment, to be worn hereafter.

We are conscious of ourselves as units; and there is no higher evidence than consciousness. Matter is divisible and extended: every material substance may be conceived of as having parts,—upper and lower, inward and outward, right side and left side. But we cannot conceive of ourselves in this way. We say "I think, I feel, I wish, I dislike;" but we cannot conceive of this "I," which loves and hates, as being long or short, divisible, extended, having an upper and under side to it. Therefore, the "I" of which we are conscious is not a material but an immaterial substance; since it does not possess the properties essential to all matter, which are extension and divisibility.

As long as the mind is united with the body, the condition of the body affects it. We are comfortable or uncomfortable, according as the house we live in is comfortable or uncomfortable. But if mind were the result of body, as music is the result of a musical-box, then the condition of the body would always and regularly influence the mind. In that case, given the condition of the body, and you could always infer the condition of the soul. When I know the condition of the barrel, pins, and springs in the box, I can always tell what kind of music it will make. But this is not the case with the nature of man. Let the soul be inspired with profound convictions, by living ideas, by large affections, and it rises superior to its body: it "over informs its tenement of clay." The wife and mother, feeble before, become strong and enduring, when they are called on to nurse a husband or a child. The soul compels the body to serve it, and do its will; gives it a strength not its own; enables it to bear long fatigue, watching, want of sleep, want of food; reverses all the common hygienic laws. How often a great mental excitement will at once cure a bodily disease! One of these days we shall probably have a mind-cure; and then we shall send sick people to establishments where the body will be cured by well-arranged and properly administered mental stimulants and mental food. People will be talked into health, sung into health; and the wise physician, instead of potions and pills, will prescribe great thoughts and beautiful ideas. I have known instances of persons given over by their physicians, who saved their lives by resolving not to die, putting forth such a vigor of will as conquered and drove back the creeping approach of death. The mind sometimes grows young, as the body grows old. As the poor house of clay wears to pieces, the soul within spires upward in an increasing flame of light and love. The body decays, but the soul continues to go onward and upward, onward and upward, till the body drops from it, and leaves it more alive than ever.

If the health of the soul depends on that of the body,—as we are in the habit of saying so frequently,—it is no less true that bodily health depends very much on mental health. A conscience at ease; a mind which trusts in Providence and is not anxious; a heart which does not devour itself with jealousy, envy, and hatred, but has a joyful sympathy with all around,—these keep the body well and young. Fear, anxiety, gloom, bad temper, make us prematurely old. If we wish to be in good health, we ought, indeed, to have well-ventilated apart-

ments, to take enough exercise, be careful of what we eat and drink; and chiefly we must have courage, faith, hope, and love.

Perhaps you will say, "What is the use of all this argument? Man is the same being, whatever theory we take of his substance,—whether we call it matter, or call it spirit." But this is no mere question of words. It is a question whether we shall look down or look up. Whatever we believe ourselves to be, we are likely to endeavor to do. If we say, "Man is only a higher animal; he grows as a vegetable grows,—by force of the root and stalk, sun and rain, he is made to eat and drink, digest, inhale and exhale the air, obey his appetites, gratify his passions, then grow old, and fade away"; if we say this and believe this of ourselves, we shall do this and no more. But if we believe there is something within us which can re-act on matter, which can control and conquer the appetites and senses, which can soar upward to the seventh heaven of thought and love, which can live according to conscience and reason, which can adopt a plan, and adhere to it,—then we shall be more likely to live that way, and become what we believe ourselves capable of becoming.

I reverence the magnificence of nature, and see God present in it. Often, on a winter's night, when the sky is sparkling with innumerable stars, I have gone out and looked hour after hour through my telescope at the majestic orbs,—the great double-stars, blue and yellow, orange and purple; the clustering brilliant constellations, blazing like a crown of diamonds in the sky,—and have at last felt almost as if I had left this little planet, and was roaming through the infinite universe of God. I love the majesty of the mountains, rising in solemn grandeur into the silent circumambient air; great sentinels, keeping watch for thousands of years above the homes of men. I can sit all day watching the ocean, as it rolls, in never-ending harmonies of sound, its incessant waves. I am at home in the peaceful woods, when the flickering light falls amid the numerous leaves, and every plant and bush has a beauty all its own. But what are all these to the soul of man,—to the majestic intellect which can mete out the heavens with a span, and comprehend the dust of the earth in a measure, and weigh the mountains in scales? What is the glory of the midnight heavens to that of a great spirit which rises to truth and God, and lifts up nations with it,—the soul of a Zoroaster or a Confucius, of a Socrates or a Paul? Such souls break the chains of sense and selfishness for millions, and make mankind free to follow the truth. "The glory of the terrestrial is one, the glory of the celestial is another." What is the exquisite beauty of a flower to the tender motherly love which beams on the little infant, and radiates light and life into its breast?

A young man, nursed in affection, lapped in luxury; fed on literature, art and science; just entering life, which opens its hospitable arms to welcome him to fame, influence, and love, hears the cry of his country in her hour of danger, renounces all his cherished hopes at that solemn call, and goes to die, torn by shot and shell, amid the rage and curses of foes. So young Shaw died on the parapets of Wagner, and a thousand others elsewhere. And while I marvel at this power of spirit, my materialist comes, and says, "Oh, it was the action of some of the lobes of the brain. The gray matter of the nervous tissue secreted patriotism and conscience, as the liver secretes bile." I cannot believe him. "That which is born of flesh is flesh, but that which is born of spirit is spirit."

More than twenty-three centuries have passed since the son of Sophroniscus taught in the streets of Athens. He might have lived a comfortable life; he might have used his wonderful intellect in getting riches or power, and died among troops of friends. No: he devoted himself to teaching the young men to be just, to be generous, to be lovers of truth and beauty. Above all else he taught the grandeur of the soul; taught that the body was not the man, but the soul was the man; denounced all meanness; made enemies of the powerful; and, at last, when condemned to die, spent a summer's day in discoursing on immortality with his disciples. At the close of the conversation, when he was about to drink the hemlock, one of his disciples asked him how he wished to be buried. "Any way you please," he replied, "if you can catch me to bury me. You seem to think, after all I have said, that this body is Socrates." The Materialist thinks so still, and considers that wonderful truth, which uplifts us

and teaches us across all these centuries, was only the secretion of a little gray pulp in the brain.

Body, make what you will of it, be it ever so subtle and ethereal, can never be refined into soul. Body is composed of parts, infinitely divisible; soul is a unit, incapable of division. If I am only body, then at death, when the body is dissolved, I am dissolved; I pass into the life of nature; I become a part of earth and air and water. Faith in immortality disappears with this doctrine.

I stand by the grave of a friend, a dear and noble character, one whom I love better than myself. I have seen him growing from good to better. I have seen him conquering his passions; curbing his self-will; accepting the great law of duty as the rule of his life; trusting absolutely in God's providence amid all disaster, disappointment, failure. I have seen him thus going forward, ever forward; becoming more simple, more tender, more exquisitely conscious of God's love, from year to year. His presence was a blessing wherever he passed. His words dropped from his lips freighted with generous influence. You went from him better and happier. At last, in his prime, in the midst of his great usefulness, he falls. I come and look on that pale forehead for the last time. I say: "We only seem the dead, who stay behind; he has gone into fuller life." "Pshaw!" says the Materialist, "that is very unscientific. He has become carbon and hydrogen. He was only organized matter; now he is disorganized and dissolved. Some one else will take his place in the universe; but he is gone for ever."

Of course I do not say that all Materialists deny a hereafter. But this is the natural tendency of Materialism. Materialism naturally tends to deny any future life. To realize immortality, we must believe in a soul, which is our real self; which is a unit, indivisible and indestructible; which gives unity to the body while it is in it, and organizes continually all particles of matter according to its own type. We must believe in a soul which is also capable of organizing ideas and thoughts; capable of free movement; capable of deliberately choosing an end, according to reason, and then going forward to it. We must believe in a soul, not the creature, but the creator, of circumstances, with inexhaustible capacities of knowledge and love. Only thus can we realize immortality.

But Materialism does more than this: it takes away God.

If all that we know is matter,—if all that we call thought is the result of matter,—then we know nothing, and can know nothing, of God, the infinite Spirit. According to Materialism, matter develops itself by laws of its own into mineral, vegetable, and animal life; and then evolves out of these what we call thought, love, and will. Man is not created; he is evolved: the world is not created; it develops itself. God is dethroned by Materialism; and another deity, the Law of Development, is placed in the temple to be worshipped in His place.

The foundation of our knowledge of God is what we learn of spirit in ourselves. We call God the infinite mind, adding the conception of the infinite to the consciousness of our own reason. We call him supreme goodness, holiness, freedom; but to attach any meaning to these terms, we must study them in ourselves. If we consider all that is spiritual in ourselves to be only highly developed matter, then we shall be unable to believe in any other God than the universe itself. The universe, then, is self-created; it has no Creator; it is self-governed, it has no ruler; it rolls on its dark path to no foreseen and prepared end, but only as blind chance and iron fate may determine. Materialism, carried out logically, ends in atheism.

But, fortunately, man was not made to be satisfied with this barren doctrine. He was made to believe in soul as well as body, in unity no less than in variety, in freedom as well as in law, in spirit as much as in matter, in an immortal future as in a mortal present, in God as in the world. Science means knowledge; and we know soul, God, and eternity just as well, and in exactly the same way, as we know body, the world, and time. Only let us cherish this higher knowledge. Let us understand that our dignity, our freedom, our nobleness, consist in looking at the spiritual and immortal side of our being, and rising evermore above time and sense to that which transcends

time and sense, and remains when these leave us for ever, when time shall be no longer, and the heavens shall depart as a scroll that is rolled together. For such shall soul be, even if all matter disappears and comes to an end.—

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE's *Steps of Belief*, Chapter 1.
(Copies of this work, price 4s., may be procured at 178, Strand, London).

"SONGS OF THE SPIRIT."—An anonymous writer, "H. H.," has issued a volume of poems with the above title. They are published by Kitto, 5, Bishopsgate Street Without, London. The following are the words of the short preface:—"The verses contained in this volume flowed from the pen of the writer unasked for, unpremeditated, and without study or effort. She believes their source to be in the Spirit world. They are here given, with very little alteration from the original MSS. To her they have afforded pleasure and comfort, and she hopes they may not be without interest to others." We have looked through this little volume tolerably carefully, and an extract from its pages will be found in this number. We may just add that without at all pretending to claim for the verses a high order of poetic merit, they are full of refined sensibility, genial piety, and practical religion. Spiritualists will quite understand how the contents of this volume could be given through some writing medium; and, in the case before us, the word of the authoress is itself an absolute guarantee for the *veracity* of her statement in the preface. Our readers who may desire to give a birthday present, or other token of regard, would do well to purchase "Songs of the Spirit" for such a purpose.

SPIRITUALISM AT KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—From some correspondence which we have recently had with our good and earnest Spiritualist friend, Mr. William Jenner Champernowne, we learn that a new medium is in course of development in his circle, a gentleman named Mr. Henry E. Russell, connected in some official way with the Kingston Post Office. From a very interesting letter we have received from Mr. Russell, he tells us that communications from the spirit world, written through his hand, have been written with extreme rapidity, and at a speed impossible to the human hand under ordinary natural conditions, and that the hand-writing is not at all his own. Mr. Champernowne has very kindly copied out several of these Spirit communications. We do not print them, not because they are valueless: on the contrary, they are full of excellent advice: but because there is nothing so special in them as to indicate, to an outsider, their Spirit origin. For although we who are Spiritualists, may, ourselves, be quite satisfied of the origin of a particular communication, we cannot expect those who are not Spiritualists to be possessed by the same certainty; and it is always desirable that a communication when printed should, if possible, bear upon its own face some clear intimation of its being the work of a disembodied Spirit. Mr. Russell, in his letter, tells us that the Spirit friends at Mr. Champernowne's circle "talk, laugh, sing, move about the room, shake hands, and move about articles of furniture, in the same way that persons in the body do," and that "the rustling of their robes or dresses can be distinctly heard as they move about from place to place." He adds that a piano, whilst being conveyed from one room to another, was, during the process, rendered invisible. On ordinary occasions he has been privileged to see his Spirit friends, and hear them converse, the various tones of voice being clearly distinguishable. Also, on one occasion, "whilst attending to his official duties in the Post Office, about 4 a.m., he heard a perfect choir of Angel voices singing round him, one clear child-like or feminine voice in some parts as solos, and then the rest joined in, as it were, in the swell of a grand anthem of praise." The phenomenon lasted quite three or four minutes. Mr. Champernowne is entitled to all possible respect, not alone for the great earnestness with which he pursues the study of Spiritualism, but for his open and consistent avowal of his belief in it. In these days, when there are so many who believe but do not confess, because of social consequences, the real confessors should be known, and honour rendered to them. They may not always be the most politic in their methods of action, and we may be able to detect, here and there, mistakes made by them; but honesty is so precious a virtue that wherever it exists it should be recognised and prized.

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A WORD ABOUT SPIRITUALISM.

It would be difficult to decide whether more nonsense has been written about Spiritualism by its advocates or its opponents. To study in detail everything that has been produced by its influence would be an endless task, and one leading to no valuable result. In all cases when it is possible to do so, it is much better to begin at the centre, in examining any system of thought or ideas, and to endeavour first of all to understand the fundamental principles on which the system is based, and out of which its legitimate applications and practical details are unfolded.

Rightly understood it rests upon and results from three propositions:—

First,—Man has a spiritual nature, or is, in part, a spiritual being.

Second,—Man's spirit survives the dissolution of the body, and has naturally a permanent existence.

Third,—Disembodied human beings or spirits may communicate, and sometimes do communicate, with those who are still in the body.

The first two propositions form part of the belief of about all who profess Christianity. All that is distinctive in Spiritualism depends upon the third article, which affirms the possibility and actual occurrence of communication between those who have passed beyond death and those who are still in the flesh. It is scarcely necessary to say that this belief has been held, not only by many thoughtful and wise men in all ages since history began, but by many Christians in every age since the time of Christ. Both the Old and New Testament Scriptures contain accounts of such communications, which are as well authenticated as anything else in those writings: and, although in many places the term angel refers to human beings still inhabitants of this world, there are passages which do not admit of being so easily explained or understood. We know of no reason for doubting the essential truthfulness of the New Testament story of the Transfiguration of Jesus, as it is called; and we are unable to see how anyone can disbelieve the possibility of communication between the two worlds, or deny that such communication has ever occurred, without denying the truthfulness of the Christian Scriptures.

If any spirit ever spoke from the world beyond death to one still on the earth, the same thing may occur again. Everything that has ever been urged against this view is pure assumption, dogmatism without any foundation whatever. But, of course, the fact that a thing has been once does not make it certain that it will be again; it only shows that it is possible. We know of nothing in the nature of things which makes such communication impossible; and if we reject the testimony of history upon this matter, we know of no sufficient reason for receiving such testimony in regard to any subject whatever. So, for ourselves, we believe that such intercourse between dwellers in the two worlds is possible—that is, has sometimes taken place—and that it may occur again.

Spiritualism as a movement is, legitimately, the awakening, development, and diffusion of this belief, and of personal interest and enthusiasm inspired by this doctrine. So far there is not necessarily anything hurtful about it. But some people have given this belief exaggerated importance as a basis for the conduct of life. It is not properly a system of religion; it is not broad enough for that.

In connection with the recent general awakening of interest in the subject of spiritual communications which began in this country a little less than a quarter of a century ago, and has since extended nearly all over the world, there has been much heated controversy, with violent dogmatism on both sides. The spiritualist movement has taken up and drawn along with it much of the prevalent dissent and scepticism of our time. Some of the good things, and some of the evils, exaggerations, and perversions connected with the movement have resulted from the fact that it arose, and has had its chief strength, among the common people—[the very reverse in this country.—ED., C.S.]—and not among scholars or in any select class of trained minds.

But the chief perversions and mischiefs pertaining to spiritualism grow out of the exaggerated and unreasonable importance which multitudes of its votaries attach to

utterances and messages purporting to come from denizens of the spirit world. Many men and women have almost entirely relinquished all rational control of their own life and conduct, to follow vague impressions or passionate impulses, which they accept as revelations from higher spheres of being. Hardly any terms could be used which would be too strong to describe the character and effect of the innumerable errors, delusions, and insanities which have grown out of this development of the doctrine of vicarious salvation—this habit of depending upon others for what men ought to do for themselves. We cannot say that none of these "messages" are genuine, that none of them really come from people in another world, but very many of them are made up of idiotic drivel, and when they are harmless, which some of them are not, they add nothing of great value to the world's stock of knowledge or thought.

For ourselves, we think that knowledge gained by study and endeavour of our own is most valuable. We do not doubt that God could send an angel from another world to instruct us if we needed knowledge which we could obtain in no other way, but we think that earnest work and trust, with the help of what has been wrought by man on the earth, will be found sufficient for the practical needs of life, so far as actual information is concerned. Then, as we go forward in the path of duty, we doubt not that all gracious, divine influences draw around us, that we are somewhat happier and stronger for all the love and goodness in heaven and on earth. We do not wish to be interrupted too much in our proper work while we are in this world, and considering that all the coarse, bad men, and all the fools that have ever lived on the earth, are still alive somewhere, we hope there will always be some barrier between the other world and this.

And now we shall never say anything about Spiritualism without adding this: Among the people who bear this name and hold this belief there are many who must be classed with the very best men and women that we have ever known. Some of the most perfect and happy homes that now bless this world are those of Spiritualist families. Of course persons of this class are free from the absurdities and insanities of which we have spoken. They are thoughtful, reverent, and deep-hearted. Above all, they are true, they are faithful. They love all "things that are of good report;" they love their fellow-men, and put their religion into their lives. We cannot describe them so well any other way as by quoting what Mr. Hale says about the "Harry Wadsworth people:" "The freemasonry was that you found everywhere a cheerful outlook—a perfect determination to relieve suffering, and a certainty that it could be relieved; a sort of sweetness of disposition which comes, I think, from the habit of looking across the line, as if death were idle or nothing; and with that, perhaps, a disposition to be social, to meet people more than half way." Thank God for all such of whatever name.—*Liberal Christian*.

[This article has been taken from *The Christian Freeman* for May, a monthly publication, edited by the Rev. Robert Spears, Minister of Stamford Street Chapel, London, and Secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. The *Liberal Christian*, from which the article was originally extracted, is an American weekly family paper, having for its regular contributors many of the most eminent of the Unitarian clergymen of that country.]—ED. C.S.

THE WESLEYS.

By JOHN JONES, *Enmore Park, S.E., London.*
No. 2.

The religious revolution of the last century was the outburst of a perception of the Divine love and care—a personal and individualised care, the care of a wise, powerful, and Infinite Father. John Wesley, by his logical preaching talent, given to the masses of the people by voice and to others by the press, with all the warmth of heart and head sincerity, and Charles, with

all his ardent yearning poetic pathos, led the nation. For upwards of fifty years John traversed the country, along the rough miserable roads of his time. He travelled about 4500 miles every year, making say 225,000 miles in all. He preached on an average three sermons a day; the number may be put down at 50,000 in all. To these labors add the numerous private and public letters he wrote, the care of the Churches, the numerous works he issued through the press, and we have an amount of work, physical and mental, by one man without a parallel.

PRAYER, as Montgomery has so pithily expressed it, is "the soul's sincere desire," expressed with the confidence of a child to a father, who feels that no law in nature is shaken by the use of the father's property for his child's advantage, whether it be given by the direct hand of the father or otherwise. The Wesleys believed in a *Personal*, Divine Father, who actually heard the heart wish of His children, and who was ready to grant the request if it would really be useful to them. Hearty, earnest, trustful asking, therefore, was a distinctive characteristic of the Wesleys, and their "Preachers of the Gospel," and people. And as answers were given by the requests being granted, the Fatherhood of God and the heirship of man became a realised fact to the early Methodists.

It is obvious from the sermons and poetry of the Wesleys, that they believed in "Hosts" or armies of evil angels, commanded by a leader; and in Hosts of Holy Angels under the command of Christ, the Messiah, "the Lord of Hosts." Thus:—

* Devil's your march oppose, who still in strength excel,
Your secrete, sworn, eternal foes, countless, invisible.
But all those hosts are treated as instruments,
under superior mental guidance. Thus we, in our day, speak of the wars of Wellington against Napoleon, and we gaze at the mental power and strategy of those two minds, and seem to lose sight of the tens of thousands of men they controlled by divisions and sub-divisions; officered by skilled talent. So the Wesleys kept a steady eye on the two individualized opposition minds guiding, Christ and Appolyon. As Wellington never lost a battle, never lost a gun, and his armies acted without hesitancy, often shoeless and foodless, having full confidence in him, so the Christian, having a fuller or bolder confidence in the wisdom and power of God, as individualised in Christ, gave Him their love, which included all other attributes; and when the Wesleys and their followers banded together by thousands on the hill side, the power and jubilant mass of sound, rising, floating, echoing, and re-echoing over the fields and amongst the rocks, to the triumphant hymn,

* Angels, in the original Hymn.

Let earth and Heaven agree, Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me, the Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's Name,"

men were toned, nerved for the rampant persecutions so much in vogue, when scattered and individualized in the field, the workshop, or the family.

As Christ was, in the human body, persecuted and cast out as evil, charged with having in Him a devil, so were the Wesleys and their helpers. We are reminded of one incident out of many:—when they, like St. Paul, suffered hunger, and somehow the hearers, saints, and sinners, forgot to supply them with food or shelter, says John Nelson in his journal, "when I had been out a week (preaching), I returned to St. Ives, and found brother Downs in a fever, so that he was not able to preach. All that time Mr. Wesley and I lay on the floor; he had my great coat for his pillow, and I had *Burkitt's Notes on the New Testament* for mine. After being here near three weeks, one morning about three o'clock Mr. Wesley turned over, and finding me awake, clapped me on the side, saying, 'Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer; I have one whole side yet, for the skin is off but on one side.' We usually preached on the Commons, going from one Common to another, and it was but *seldom* anyone asked us to eat and drink." At another time Mr. Wesley stopped his horse to pick blackberries, saying, 'Brother Nelson, we ought to be thankful there are plenty of blackberries, for this is the best country I ever saw for getting a stomach, but the worst for getting food.' The Wesleys, sons of a Clergyman—Oxford Collegians—were driven from Church by Churchmen, because they believed, really believed, and tried to act up to the tenets declared in the Prayer Book, conscious of rectitude of motive and need for action. As Christ on the mountain side, and Paul on Mars Hill, they preached the words of everlasting life to the people, walled in by the mountains, and ceilinged by the skies.

We turn now to the supernatural in the convictions of the Wesleys, and to some of the evidences they and the other leaders of the Methodists had of supernatural oversight, that is, protection and direction given by an intelligence not clothed in flesh, and that protection and direction given in such a manner as to convince and control their actions.

The evidences of "special providence" were so numerous that Wesley's journals only give a few, but the biographies of the first Methodist preachers and others contain incident on incident, many of them in direct connection with John Wesley, who more than his brother was Messenger to the Churches throughout the land.

All the "spiritual gifts" named by St. Paul were manifested in and through the first Metho-

dists; but there was no show of them openly; you have to pick them up, as diamond facts in the river beds of life. Dream visions not excepted. Let us take this instance. John Nelson, already referred to, states: "One night, after a day of fasting, I dreamed that Mr. John and Charles Wesley were both sitting by my fire-side, and that Mr. John said 'I will stay but a few days now, for I must go into the North, and return at such a time and stay with you a week.' The next day, when I told it, one said, 'If thou hast dreamed so, they will certainly come.' I replied, 'I no more expect them than I expect the king to come.' But in a few months after they came, and sat in the *very posture* I dreamed, and Mr. John Wesley spoke the *very words*."

That the Hosts of the Lord went before them, take this from scores of others: "When Mr. Charles Wesley came back from Newcastle, the Lord was with him in such a manner that the pillars of hell seemed to tremble, many that were famous for supporting the devil's kingdom fell to the ground while he was preaching, as if they were thunderstruck." Again: "I felt much of the Lord's presence, and the power of God was so great among us that the people fell flat on their faces, or kneeled down on their knees, so that there was not one left standing, and their cry was so great that my voice could not be heard."

As a feather thrown up shows the way of the wind, so do little incidents casually mentioned show supernatural guidance in *little* as in great things. Thus we have Nelson, when persecuted and under the charge of soldiers, telling us: "Corporal W. lay down with me and fell fast asleep. At twelve I awoke suddenly (as if some man had called me) and said to the Corporal 'I must go to the market-place directly, for what I know not, neither which way to go to it.' 'Nor I,' said he, 'but I will go with you, and we can inquire the way.' Accordingly we did, and just as we got thither my brother Westall was inquiring for me among the soldiers. 'Well,' said Corporal W., 'I never saw such a thing in my life, that you should thus awake, and come to meet your friend the minute he came to seek for you.'"

John Wesley's journals abound with similar incidents, jotted down at the time as *answers* to prayer. As religious revolutions are epochs in the history of Christianity, no matter in what part of the world they happen, those epochs are more chronicled or detailed than the current every day movements. Let us therefore examine the outward signs of an inward or mental movement, by accepting St. Paul's list of the leading Spiritual Gifts then in action, as given to the first Christians by the Holy Ghost on His descent to earth, and bridge the seventeen hundred years

since then to ascertain whether or no the same signs were produced. If they were, we still have the action of the Holy Ghost in the same manner as when Christianity was introduced. We have proof that God's method of instruction, through physical signs, and wonders, and mental conversions is the same to-day as in the yesterday of the first century.

(No. 3, and last, in our next.)

LOUISE LATEAU.

In *Macmillan's Magazine* for April, 1871, there is an article by George E. Day, M.D., F.R.S., giving an account of some very wonderful phenomena which are now occurring to a peasant girl, named Louise Lateau. She was born in January, 1850, in a humble cottage in the village of Bois d' Haine, in the province of Hainault, Belgium. Her family are respectable but poor, with nothing special about them. At eight years of age, Louise began a life of service, and both then and afterwards discharged her duties with exemplary fidelity and devotion. When about 16 she established herself at home, and supported herself by needle-work. In the beginning of 1867 she experienced a feeling of weakness and loss of appetite, and her cheeks lost their colour, but still she was able to go on with her work. In the latter part of the year she suffered greatly from neuralgic pains in her head. On the 16th of April, 1868, she was so ill that it was thought she was dying, and she received the sacrament. From that time she revived, and on the 21st she was able to walk to the parish church, three-quarters of a mile off. This remarkable cure was the first thing that attracted public attention. Three days after this, the *stigmata* (the marks of the wounds on our Saviour's body) first appeared, and on July 17th she began to exhibit the phenomenon called ecstasy (or trance). On Friday, April 24, 1868, she saw blood flowing from a spot on the left side of her chest. Being naturally of a very reserved disposition, she said nothing about it. The following Friday she saw the same thing, and also saw blood flowing from the upper surface of each foot. On May 8th, blood began to ooze during the night from the left side and both feet, and by nine o'clock it also flowed from the palms and backs of both hands. On September 28th her forehead also became moist with blood, and these bleedings have continued regularly up to April 15, 1870, the date of the last published report. The news of these remarkable facts rapidly spread through the district, and crowds came to see the girl. The religious authorities felt it their duty to investigate the case, and very properly requested Dr. Lefebvre, an eminent physician and Professor of Louvain University, to examine the girl's case with the most rigid scrutiny, and apply to it all the aids of modern science. Dr. Lefebvre had been for 15 years at the head of the medical staff of two lunatic asylums, and was thus specially prepared by his previous life for investigating such a case as Louise Lateau's. He began to attend her on August 30, 1868, and has continued to do so up to the present time. He describes her health as good, and herself as capable of much physical endurance, with no enthusiasm in her nature, and as very reserved. She is by no means educated, but very good. The signs of the approaching bleeding begin to show themselves about noon on a Thursday. On the palms and backs of the hands and the tops and soles of the feet, a little bladder begins to rise, which is filled with transparent fluid of a reddish tint. The bleeding almost always begins between midnight and 1 a.m., on a Friday. The *stigmata* do not bleed all at once, but successively. A rent usually takes place in the raised cuticle, the fluid then escapes, and the blood begins to ooze from the surface. Upon four occasions Dr. Lefebvre observed blood flowing from the head, issuing from 12 or 15 minute points, ranged in a circular form. A band, more than an inch in breadth, passing round the head, between the eyebrows and the roots of the hair, would include this bloody zone, which is slightly puffy and painful on pressure. The quantity of blood lost every Friday varied very much; sometimes it is as much as a quart. On the Saturday, the *stigmata* are quite

dry, and the girl who a few hours ago had so much pain and trouble in using her hands, or standing on her feet, is able to go about her ordinary duties, and to walk as well as usual. The ecstatic (or trance) state comes on whatever she is doing, and while it lasts she is perfectly unconscious of surrounding objects. Towards 2 p.m., she falls with her face to the ground, and at 3 she makes a sudden movement: the arms are stretched out at right angles with the body, in a cross-like manner, while the feet are crossed together. This position is retained till 5 p.m., when she starts to her knees with a bound, and assumes the attitude of prayer. After a few minutes she sits down in her chair, and remains perfectly still. The trance lasts till about 6 or 7, when she exhibits all the symptoms of dying for about 15 minutes, and then it is over. Dr. Lefebvre believes that the girl's mind during this time is very active; indeed though very reserved on the subject, she has said that she witnesses the several scenes of the Passion as they pass before her. She describes minutely the cross, and the vestments, the wounds, the crown of thorns on the Saviour's head, and gives various details regarding the persons surrounding the cross. Her stomach can bear no food from noon on Thursday to Friday night. In her state of trance she is quite impervious to all outward sights and sounds, and to all experiments which have been tried on her. She has been tickled with a feather, and a strong solution of ammonia applied to her nose. The skin of her face and hands have been pricked with a needle, a pin has been thrust through a fold of the skin of the arm and forearm, and moved about in the wound, and the point of a penknife driven into her by a person concealed behind her, and all these experiments have failed to produce the slightest muscular movement, or sign of feeling on her part. Even a strong current of electricity was applied with the same result. On one occasion her hands were tied up in gloves and sealed for a day or two before the Friday, and were found in due time filled with blood. When Dr. Lefebvre first went to see Louise Lateau he fully believed that he should discover a case of imposture, but was convinced, perfectly, and after trying every test that he could think of, that the above stated phenomena really took place, although neither he nor others can attempt to explain them. They are as yet within the realm of mystery. Of course we are now giving only a scanty abridgement of the article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, but sufficiently lengthy and exact to enable our readers to understand Dr. Day's account.

MISS HOUGHTON'S EXHIBITION OF SPIRIT DRAWINGS.

We have just been favoured with a copy direct from Miss Houghton, of her catalogue of the Spirit Drawings in Water Colours which she is now exhibiting at the New British Gallery, Old Bond Street; and as this effort of hers is extremely praiseworthy, and is a perfect proof that she is not, as many are, "disobedient to the Heavenly Vision," we have much pleasure in transferring to our columns her introductory remarks in the catalogue. Experienced Spiritualists are, of course, aware that disembodied Spirits differ in their opinions, and even in their theology, quite as much as embodied ones. It will not, therefore, surprise some of our readers to peruse in this catalogue the expression of opinions which are not coincident with their own. This, however, is a small matter. If we cannot all of us accept the doctrine of God's Tri-Personality, we may, nevertheless, believe in "the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit," which, after all, is the Christian Trinity as taught by Christ Himself.

This Exhibition has our very warmest recommendation, not only for its own intrinsic value, but because Miss Houghton in giving it is proving beyond all doubt her own spirit of sincerity and

self-sacrifice. If all Spiritualists, with position and means equal to her own, confessed their faith before men as steadfastly and modestly as she does, the cause of Spiritualism would be benefitted, and Spiritualists themselves would receive an accession of moral strength. The following are Miss Houghton's words:—

"To make the character and design of this Exhibition understood, I must explain that in the execution of the Drawings my hand has been entirely guided by Spirits, no idea being formed in my own mind as to what was going to be produced, nor did I know, when a stroke was commenced, whether it would be carried upwards or downwards. I will give a slight sketch of the manner in which the power came to myself, so as to aid others in their endeavours to be similarly successful.

In the summer of 1859 I first heard of the possibility of communion with the Spirits of those who had passed away from the mortal form; and having received proofs that it was indeed a reality, I was anxious to obtain the gift of mediumship, to be thus re-united to the many dear ones whom I had lost, and still bewailed. For three months Mamma and I sat for about half an hour each evening at a small table, with our hands resting lightly upon it, and at the expiration of that period we were rewarded for our patience by the table being gently tipped towards me, and having messages thus given to us by means of the alphabet. We were then told by the communicating Spirits that we must not rush headlong into this new joy, but must use it soberly, and that we were only to have our sance once a week, Sunday evening being the best, as we should then be less disturbed by evil influences. I was also always to "try the Spirits" according to the directions given 1 John iv., 1, 2, 3. "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God; but every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God." Which text receives additional strength by being compared with 1 Corinthians xii., 3, "And no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." I adhered closely to all these directions, and we thus went on quietly for above a year, when I got a planchette, and our messages were then written with that aid. In July, 1861, I heard of Mrs. Wilkinson's Spirit drawings, so on the evening of the 20th I asked whether my sister Zilla, who had been an accomplished artist while upon earth, could guide my hand for Spiritual work, but neither she nor my brother Cecil (whom I asked as he was about the age of Mrs. Wilkinson's young son, who was her guiding Spirit) could be permitted to do it; but Cecil then brought Henry Lenny, who had been a deaf and dumb artist, and he immediately controlled my hand, which was resting on the planchette, to form various curved lines; after which I was impressed to remove the black lead pencil, and replace it with a blue one, with which he worked upon the same piece of paper, No. 1, and I obtained leave to sit every evening for the purpose of drawing. When the first three sheets had been filled, I asked my guide to do a flower, which he did, and then wrote the name of it on another piece of paper. After a few days' work, I was desired to take the pencil in my hand, instead of using the planchette. Thus another step was gained, and on the 6th of August I began with colors, having on the previous day been told to put a sheet of paper into the drawing board in readiness, and from that time I have continued to do them in water colors, without any kind of preliminary pencil sketch.

I earnestly hope that some of the visitors to this gallery, who have leisure to devote themselves to it, will go home, and try to obtain this delightful gift, but they must bear in mind that extreme patience and perseverance are needed for all spiritual work. In my own case, the drawing power would appear to have come with very great rapidity, but they must remember that I had already been a medium for upwards of a year and a half, after having steadily striven for it during three months.

For the drawing phase I was also prepared by my own earthly training, having devoted the chief part of my life to that accomplishment, until Zilla's death, in 1851, so crushed me, that I felt as if I should never again use pencil or brush. The Spirits say that when once the fact is acknowledged they can work through the mortal hand. It is not really more surprising when they draw through a medium who has not learned, than through one who has; they can, of course, better guide the trained hand, and make a more speedy progress if they are thus relieved from all the elementary part, which must be gone through; for no person can spring, at one bound, to a pinnacle of art perfection, any more than an acorn can in one season become a widely-spreading oak. I have numbered the drawings chronologically for a double purpose. In the first place the character of the work is so totally unlike all mortal experience, that the eye, even of an artist, will better appreciate the later ones by being led up to them by the gradual changes of style, and, secondly, because the Spiritual significance deepened in proportion with my own development. The early ones are but very faint shadows of what they are intended to represent; because my own Spirit was still too much clogged with earthliness to grasp the hidden mysteries beyond the veil, or even to have them portrayed through my mediumship.

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, Westbourne Square, London.

THE LATE LORD BROUGHAM'S "DREAM."

It is called by Lord Brougham a "dream;" but many people would consider it an apparition. The remarkable narrative occurs in the first volume of the "Life and Times" of the late and famous Lord Chancellor, written by himself, and recently published. One or two of the reviewers of the book profess to have heard the adventure related in his lordship's lifetime. The first part of the story dates back between sixty and seventy years ago, when Brougham and his friend Charles Stuart (afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothsay), when both young men, were travelling from Gottenburg towards Norway, and stopped at an inn on the way to rest and refresh themselves. It was at one in the morning on the 19th of December, when they arrived.

Tired with the cold of the previous day (writes Brougham), I was glad to take advantage of a hot bath before I turned in. And here a most remarkable thing happened to me—so remarkable that I must tell the story from the beginning. After I left the High School, I went with G——, my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the University. There was no Divinity class, but we frequently in our walks discussed and speculated upon many grave subjects—among others on the immortality of the soul, and on a future state. This question, and the possibility, I will not say of ghosts walking, but of the dead appearing to the living, were subjects of much speculation; and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, *written with our blood*, to the effect that whichever of us died the first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the 'life after death.' After we had finished our classes at the college, G—— went to India, having got an appointment there in the Civil Service. He seldom wrote to me, and after the lapse of a few years I had almost forgotten his existence. I had taken, as I have said, a warm bath; and while lying in it and enjoying the comfort of the heat, after the late freezing I had undergone, I turned my head round, looking towards the chair on which I had deposited my clothes, as I was about to get up out of the bath. On the chair sat G——, looking calmly at me. How I got out of the bath I know not, but on recovering my senses I found myself sprawling on the floor. The apparition, or whatever it was that had taken the likeness of G——, had disappeared. This vision produced such a shock that I had no inclination to talk about it, or speak about it even to Stuart; but the impression it made upon me was too vivid to be easily forgotten; and so strongly was I affected by it that I have here written down the whole history, with the date, the 19th December, and all the particulars, as they are now fresh before me. No doubt I had fallen asleep; and that the appearance presented so distinctly to my eyes was a dream. I cannot for a moment doubt; yet for years I had had no communication with G——, nor had there been anything to recall him to my recollection; nothing had taken place during our Swedish travels either connected with G—— or with India, or with anything relating to him, or to any member of his family. I recollected quickly enough our old discussion, and the bargain we had made. I could not discharge from my mind the impression that G—— must have died, and that his appearance to me was to be received by me as proof of a future state; yet all the while I felt convinced that the whole was a dream; and so painfully vivid, and so unfading was the impression, that I could not bring myself to talk of it, or to make the slightest allusion to it. I finished dressing; and as we had agreed to make an early start, I was ready by six o'clock, the hour of our early breakfast.

The next entry by his Lordship in connection with the strange occurrence, and which gives its most extraordinary and supernatural character to the narrative, occurs under date—

Brougham, Oct. 16, 1862.—I have just been copying out from my journal the account of this strange dream: *Certissima mortis imago!* And now to finish the story, began above sixty years since. Soon after my return to Edinburgh, there arrived a letter from India announcing G——'s death, and saying that he had died on the 19th of December! Singular coincidence! yet when one reflects on the vast number of dreams which night after night pass through our brains, the number of coincidences between the vision and the event are perhaps fewer and less remarkable than a fair calculation of chances would warrant us to expect. Nor is it surprising, considering the variety of our thoughts in sleep, and that they all bear some analogy to the affairs of life, that a dream should sometimes coincide with a contemporaneous or even with a future event. This is not much more wonderful than that a person, whom we had no reason to expect, should appear to us at the very moment we had been thinking or speaking of him. So common is this, that it has for ages grown into the proverb, "Speak of the devil."

A London religious paper copying and commenting upon the event and its explanation, says—

This is, beyond all dispute, a very remarkable story, and we are by no means satisfied with the explanation with which, at the distance of sixty years and more, apparently from fear of being laughed at, he tries to explain away, on principles which may be deemed rational, and such as might save him from

"The world's dread laugh."

Which scarce the firm philosopher can bear."

But the explanation sully halts; for it is clear that he did not at the time suppose that he was asleep; and even on the supposition of this after-thought, the dream is nearly as remarkable as the vision. That Brougham and his friend should have made such a compact is not so remarkable, as they must both have known what was then believed on well-authenticated evidence, that David Hume and Adam Smith made a very similar compact with each other when walking together in the meadows behind George-square. It has also been recorded on equally reliable testimony that the feeling produced on Adam Smith's mind after Hume's death by the recollection of their compact was such that nothing could induce the author of the *Wealth of Nations* to continue a walk in the meadows after dusk. Lord Brougham's father was notoriously what is called a *philosopher*, and we have heard, on the authority of those to whom he was personally known, that he used to say that Harry had cleared away his remaining doubts as to the authority of Revelation. But Lord Brougham's later history indicates that he was afterwards subject to strong religious convictions, and certainly did not sit in "the seat of the scornful," like poor Sydney Smith, that "Vagabond Priest," as Jeffrey calls him, and others of the Edinburgh Reviewers. A strong impression was made on Brougham by the vision or dream alluded to, and by the fact that his friend in India died at the very time that his appearance in Scandinavia so much startled the survivor. We know that our Lord has said in the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead" (Luke xvi., 31); but we agree with the *Edinburgh Daily Review* that the indeelible impression evidently made on Lord Brougham may have been at eventide attended with permanent spiritual benefit. *Bristol Times and Mirror*: April 1, 1871.

POETRY.

A HYMN FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

Day divine! when in the temple
To the Lord's first lovers came
Glory new, and treasure ample,
Mighty gifts, and tongues of flame!
Day to happy souls commend'd,
When the Holy Ghost was given,
When the Comforter descend'd,
And brought down the joy of Heaven
Lord! to-day Thy people learneth
No past wonder, no strange tale
Lord! to-day Thy people yearneth

Here the Holy Ghost to hail!
O'er again to write this story,
Our weak, trembling souls aspire:
Unto us may come the glory—
Full on us may fall the fire!

Hath the Holy Ghost been holden
By those ancient sages alone?
On y may the ages olden
Call the Comforter their own?
Ah! their portion we inherit,
Ours the sorrow, ours the sin!
We beseech the Holy Spirit—
We the Comforter would win.

T. H. GILL.

GOD AND HIS SECRETS.

"There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen."—Job xxviii. 7.

Know ye the path where the wild fowl flies,
Which the vulture's wing hath taken,
Or what draws the lark towards the morning skies
When the dews from its wings are shaken?
There is a path no wild fowl knows,
Which the vulture hath not seen,
Where the Spirit of God would lead His own
To the realms of the Great Unseen.
Know ye where is the swallow's home
When the wintry hours are nigh?
Know ye the way that the eagle takes
When he fades from your watching eye?

Know ye why those swallows come
Back to their summer rest?
Know ye why that eagle seeks
The rock for its sheltering nest?
Who taught those birds to take their flight
Ere the summer's warmth departed?
Who gave the eagle those pinions strong
To pursue the prey he started?
To whom are all the wild birds known,
All the living things abroad?
Who holds the mountain in His hand,
And the heaven and earth?—Our God.
Who gave the spirit of man his breath,
And brought him forth from nought?
Who led him through all his journeyings wide
To the land of rest he sought?
And who would bless him every day
With gifts of priceless worth,
Pouring His Spirit into his heart,
And making him lord of the earth?
Who would lead him to pastures green
By the foot of man's ever-trod,
Singing the while to his soul of love
By the living streams?—Our God.

"SONGS OF THE SPIRIT."

OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

No. 6.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly of heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."—11 MATTHEW, 28, 29, 30 v.

1. We do not know the *place where, the time when, or the persons to whom*, these divine words were uttered; but the words themselves are for all places, all times, and all persons.

2. The text speaks of certain characters: "All ye that labour and are heavy laden." The words refer to burdened humanity, and to such as *feel* their burdens. Who is not burdened, who does not feel that sad fact, who does not make efforts for relief? To such characters Christ speaks.

3. To "*come to Jesus*" is to come by thought and sympathy to Him, to His teachings, the facts of His Life, and the spirit which He cherished. He who "*comes to Christ*," in the Scriptural sense of that term, has communion with Christ, for with such the Son, as well as the Father, makes His abode. "*To come*" to Him is not to come to mere theoretical opinions about Him, or into

union with the mere professors of His religion, and the bearers of His name. Spiritual union with Christ, so that we think His thought, and feel His feeling, and will His will, is coming to Him. It is that, and nothing more: it is that, and nothing less. The text tells us *how* to come to Him. It is by "*learning of Him*," at first-hand; and by "*taking upon us His yoke*," which to those who love Him is an "easy and light" one. Love is the great burden-bearer, and the great burden-lightener.

4. To those whom Christ invites, He promises *soul* rest; and if you will *think*, you will see that there is, and can be, no other, and no higher rest. It is not the rest of insensibility, as of a stone—or of inactivity—or of perfect knowledge—or of painlessness. But it is rest for the mind, the conscience, and the affections. Rest in God's essential mercy, and unceasing Providence. Rest in truth, rest in right, rest in duty. It is a rest which comes by obedience lovingly rendered, by trust in one Supreme Object, by "doing the will of God from the heart," by a spirit of unselfishness, and by real communion with "the Father of Spirits." Such rest Christ offers: others offer rest, but none but He has the right to say, as He does say in the text, "*and ye shall find rest*."

5. Nearly nineteen centuries ago Christ sent out this invitation, and made this promise. The consciousness of Christians, in every age, and of every name, has set its seal to their reality and truthfulness. Christ invites *now*, and promises *now*. To the mourner, the penitent, the backslider, and the restless one He says *now*, "learn of Me, take My yoke upon you, cherish My spirit, and My soul for your soul, you shall find rest." Nations shall find it. Society shall find it. Individuals shall find it. The *proof*, do you say? You may have it by compliance with the invitation; in other words, by living out the Christian life, and cherishing the Christian spirit.

F. R. YOUNG.

(Preached at Yeovil, Swindon, and Trowbridge).

A CORRECTION.—In Page 75 of our May number there is a notice, entitled "A Pleasant Book," having reference to "Glimpses of a Brighter Land." The copy sent to us for review had the name of Mr. Burns, 15, Southampton Row, for its publisher on the title page. We have since been informed by Baillière, Tindall, and Cox, 20, King William Street, Strand, that "for a long time Mr. Burns has had nothing to do with the volume in question, and that no name but theirs appears on the title page in the present edition." Friends will, therefore, please to notice the change of publisher.

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WONDERFUL GIFT OF HEALING

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 The Friend of Progress, 1856. Monthly Parts. Each Part, ... 6d.
 Glimpses of a Brighter Land, of which *The Christian Spiritualist* for May, 1871, says: "The tone of the book is exceedingly pure and good, and cannot fail to have an elevating and purifying influence." ... 2s. 6d.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.—By an omission, which has been purely accidental, and which we thoroughly regret, no notice has hitherto been given by us of the remarkable paper, with the above title, read by Mr. Benjamin Coleman, at the Beethoven Rooms, in January last, and a report of which appeared in the *Spiritualist* of the same month. Mr. Coleman has very properly reprinted that report, and we suppose copies can be had by applying to him at 1, Bernard Villas, Upper Norwood. The price of the reprint is one shilling a copy. There is not, as far as we know, any man in England more competent to speak on the subject named at the head of this notice than Mr. Coleman, for he has tracked the whole thing, step by step, through all its windings, and day by day; while he has spared neither time, money, nor labour to fit himself to be a reliable historian of Spiritualism. To such of our friends as may wish for some single document which they can put into the hands of inquirers, we would recommend the purchase of this reprint. For no man with open mind can read it, and fail to see that Spiritualism has something to say for itself, and that something worthy of being heard. We need scarcely add that we have no other interest in the circulation of this pamphlet, than that which all lovers of Spiritualism ought to feel in carefully prepared and reliable statements relating to their cause.

Printed for the Proprietor (FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG) at the North Wilts Steam Printing Works, Swindon; and published by FREDERICK ARNOLD, 86, Fleet Street, London.—JUNE, 1871.

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.

JUNE, 1871

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF SPIRITUALISM.

MR. JAMES BURNS, in his letter to the *Christian Spiritualist* for May, page 72, describes Mr. Coleman's communications as "execrable" and "disgustingly offensive." As these epithets are liable to misconstruction, it has been considered expedient to publish the whole correspondence, and leave the readers of the *Christian Spiritualist* to form their own judgment upon it.

The first letter from Mr. Coleman to Mr. Burns is as follows:—

I, Bernard Villas, Upper Norwood, 21 May, 1870.

DEAR SIR—I have the pleasure to hand you a cheque for £6, as a contribution to the Progressive Library, being the surplus, after defraying expenses, of the amount I received for Dr. Newton's Reception Soirée. I wish that the sum had been larger; but though there were upwards of 200 persons present, there were but 38 who contributed to the expenses.

I take this opportunity of expressing to you my thoughts and feelings upon the position you occupy, and the course you are pursuing, though I know I lay myself open to be misunderstood, and that I shall probably offend you. Be that as it may, I shall speak freely and conscientiously, hoping you will know that I am not influenced by any unworthy motive, that I have no personal views to serve, and that I desire only to promote the cause of Spiritualism in a consistent and orderly way.

I recognise in you an honest, extremely energetic, and very intelligent, hard-working man, who, if you devoted your undivided attention to the business of a bookseller and publisher, would, I think, be sure to succeed; but as a writer and editor, I venture to say you are very much out of your element. You are evidently untrained in literary work, crude in style, wanting in discretion, and extremely offensive in your language to all who differ from your views, which, however sound, are extreme upon most social subjects.

You are not, I daresay, conscious of all this, and you will therefore, naturally demur to my estimate of your qualifications. But if you dispute the correctness of my opinions, and challenge me to the proof, I will be at the trouble of upholding them before a committee of known and intelligent Spiritualists, selected by yourself, if you will ask for their advice and be guided by their decision. I think I can show you that you will best serve the cause you have so much at heart, and your worldly interests too, by confining yourself to the respectable occupation of a bookseller and publisher, and relinquishing to others the onerous duties of editor and writer. If you can take advice, and resolve to act upon it at once, I think you will maintain the influence and respect due to your position. If you do not, I venture to predict that you will break down utterly, and possibly forfeit the sympathy of your friends and well-wishers, among whom I desire to be placed.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,

BENJAMIN COLEMAN

P.S.—I do not suppose you will care to publish this

letter, but if you desire to do so for the purposes of fair comment, I do not object. Indeed, I do not know but that would be the best way of ascertaining whether the ground is really so strong under you as you think it is.

Mr. James Burns, 15, Southampton Row.

This letter, with the cheque for £6, Mr. Burns returned, holding, as he tells us, that "acquiescence in its proposals would have for ever stamped his name with ignominy, weakness, and dishonour." At the same time, he addressed the following reply to Mr. Coleman:—

15, Southampton Row, 21 May, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR.—I have been favoured with your very amusing letter, and, having perused it, I return it, as I have no further use for it. I could never think of publishing it. The matter is of a very personal nature, such as I would not publish respecting B. Coleman, and hence won't on J. Burns. Of course, I might, perhaps, publish libels on myself with impunity; but it would not be morally instructive to our readers. I can have no objections, however, to your making any use of the letter you may think fit. I shall take no proceedings against you in any way. Your opinion of me is cheap, and I have never paraded myself in any way to infer that I consider myself a target for personal criticism of any kind. Amongst all my labours I have kept J. Burns strictly in the background, and shall keep him there till the directing Powers see fit to find another place for him. Now I have nothing to say in extenuation of my conduct. You may be interested in my welfare for aught I know, but I cannot be guided by your advice. Being a Spiritualist, I am under control of my intuitions, reason, and the Spirit World; not even public opinion can move me, nor shall that of one man. If I am a poor hand at literature, I have to shudder at the low standard of literary efficiency in the Spiritual ranks of Great Britain, as the sheets I manage have been the most successful of any that has (have?) yet appeared. With such a result before me, I can dispense with your courteous. If I get bankrupt and superannuated, I will only arrive at what others have escaped by persistent begging.

I shall at all times be happy to do any amount of profitable business with you as a "bookseller and publisher," but I cannot accept subsidies of any kind under the present circumstances, and beg to enclose the draft drawn in my favour.

I am, yours very truly,

B. Coleman, Esq.

J. BURNS.

"In a short time," Mr. Burns tells us, "I had another letter, the terms of which were even more disgustingly offensive." Here is the letter:—

Upper Norwood, May 24, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter and the returned cheque, which latter I would have offered to Mr. Peebles's movement, but that that being, as I assume, under your auspices, I fear the money would in like manner be rejected. I shall, therefore, apply the amount to the relief of a family in great distress, in whom I am much interested. I forbear from comment upon the tone and temper of your

letter, farther than to say that if you really were as independent of public opinion as you say you are, you should have published my letter, and to point to the announcement made in the last *Medium and Daybreak*, in which you gravely say, "At present there is an immense amount of Spirit power at the Progressive Library. An Indian Spirit stated that Dr. Newton had imported 20,000 Indian Spirits with him." Anything more flagrantly absurd than such a statement, put forward prominently in a leading column too, I never met with, even in the American Spiritual journals, which you boast that you delight to honour. Putting forward, as an authoritative announcement, that a definite number of Spirits have been imported, as if they were a case of cigars or any other merchandise, is surely too ridiculous even for the humblest of your country readers. It is such extravagances as this, which abound in the sheets you edit, that justifies me in saying you are really out of your element as an editor and writer, and, instead of treating well-meant advice with a sneer, you ought to feel obliged to anyone who is at the trouble of warning you to take heed in time.

I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,

Mr. J. Burns

BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

Says Mr. Burns, "I wrote on the margin a few expressions indicative of my unmistakable abhorrence and disapprobation of the writer and his production, which I promptly returned to him." The "few expressions of unmistakable abhorrence" are as follows:—

You should ponder over your own Editorial Escapades, or rather literary Escapade. I need not name them. Then you would at least see that example is more powerful than precept. I have only been carped at. I need say no more. —J. B.

"After a little while," continues Mr. Burns, "yet another letter came to me from the same writer, couched, if possible, in terms more execrable. The whole strength of my nature rose up in revolt against the detestable influence which desired to render me tributary to its jealous hate. In the most emphatic language I could select, I expressed my contempt for the writer, and disregard for his impotent threats and vain dogmatizing. I reminded him of his past offences against propriety in similar matters, and did not scruple to tell him honestly what I thought of himself, his motives, and his actions. This letter I also promptly returned to him, that its nauseating influence might be removed as far from me as possible."

Here is Mr. Coleman's "execrable" letter, with Mr. Burns' marginal comments, written, as he assures us, in "the most emphatic language" he could select:—

Upper Norwood, 6th June, 1870.

SIR,—My first letter, which you declined to publish, was written impromptu, without conferring previously with anyone. Since the receipt of your reply to my second letter, I have shown the correspondence to several Spiritualists who usually act with you, and I find that I have only expressed in open terms what they have for some time thought.

[Some of these have told me to the contrary. Don't tell lies, Fenby?—J. B.]

I am, therefore, induced to address you again, to say that you do not, in my opinion, represent the thoughts and feelings of the educated and intelligent Spiritualists of England, and that you are bringing great discredit upon the cause, by the course you are pursuing, in many ways.

[Mind your own business. You don't smell so sweet in public estimation.—J. B.]

That, for the reasons I have given you in my first letter, I think you are, as an editor and writer, wholly incompe-

tent; and that you will best serve Spiritualism and your private interests by confining yourself to the respectable trade of bookseller and publisher.

[Hiss!!!—J. B.]

To test the correctness of my estimate of your fitness for the position you have assumed, I invite you to publish this letter in the *Medium and Daybreak*. Make what comments you please, but let me say that my only desire is to see Spiritualism divested of all exaggeration, and its literature of such a character that it can be put into the hands of intelligent inquirers without a fear of their adverse criticism.

[Our readers are far too *ru'gar* to appreciate this refined epistle, so the Editor of the *MEDIUM* hopes you will make such communications scarce for the future. What do you know about "Educated?" A mouthful of thistles would look better. You don't want another Southern case, do you?"—J. B.]

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

To Mr. James Burns,

BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

Editor of the *Medium and Daybreak*

The marginal notes, Mr. Coleman observes, "are in the very coarsest language." Says Mr. Burns, "It is language that, though it pained me to use it, I am proud of, as it is my 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"

Commentary would be quite superfluous, and with this publication the case may be regarded as closed.

ST. PAUL'S VISIONS & REVELATIONS.

"I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth,) such an one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth), how that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter." 2 Cor. 12 c. 2-4 v.

These words reveal certain ideas which Paul had concerning the human mind. There is no subject more important or more profitable for study than that of mind. Works on mental philosophy abound, but as yet no universally accepted theory. We have the sensational, the idealistic, the eclectic, and the mystical schools still contending amongst us for supremacy. What is Paul's idea of mind? Judging from these words he regarded it as capable of acting independent of the body; not only after death, but even here during its sojourn in the corporeal frame. The words imply that he held the idea. First: *That while here it is capable of existing separate from the body.* "Whether in the body I cannot tell: or whether out of the body I cannot tell." If he had been certain that the soul could not exist, whilst here, apart from the body, would he have spoken thus? He believed in its capability of going forth from the body and having experiences in which the body need not participate. And who is not conscious of such a power? What are those mental moods which we call reverie, abstraction, transport, ecstasy? Does not the soul often seem to live in scenes remote from the spot in which the body is located? Paul speaks of himself as entering into regions far away. (1). The third heaven. The Bible speaks of three heavens. (a). The atmospheric, where the clouds travel and perform their functions; (b) the starry heavens, where the sun and moon and stars appear; (c) the heavens that lie beyond the heavenly orbs, where God and His holy angels are supposed to have their special residence. Up to this "third heaven" Paul was "caught" borne away. (2). Paradise. "Caught up into Paradise." This word occurs three times in the New Testament. It denotes here some place in the universe, distinguished in beauty and fruitfulness from all other places, as the highest cultured *paradises* from the wild, sterile, and uncultivated other parts of the earth. Paul regarded it possible for the soul to go away from the body into those distant regions of supernal brightness and beauty. Who has not been conscious of being borne far away from the body on the wings of thought? The soul of the emigrant hovers over the land of his birth, whilst

his body is a thousand leagues away. How often does some event occur in our history which seizes the soul, and bears it away to distant scenes! Another idea which Paul seems to have of mind is, secondly: That whilst here it is capable of receiving *extraordinary* revelations apart from the body. "Heard unspeakable words." The highest ecstasies of the heart are ever unrevealing. Heart raptures cannot be translated into the language of the intellect. Things of the soul may be unutterable either from necessity, or from impropriety. Perhaps what Paul saw and heard in his spirit was neither possible nor proper to communicate. There are but few of us who have not received impressions of distant things. There are some wonderful cases on record. "In the life of Dr Francis Wayland," says a modern writer, "we find the following incident: When on a certain occasion he was expected home from New York, after attending medical lectures there during the winter of 1814-15, Mrs. Wayland, his mother, who was sitting with her husband, suddenly walked the room in great agitation, saying, 'Pray for my son: Francis is in danger!' So urgent was her request, that her husband joined her in prayer for his deliverance from peril. At the expected time he returned. His mother at once asked, 'What has taken place?' It appeared at the time of an (the?) agitation, while coming up the North River on a sloop, that Francis had fallen overboard, and the sloop passed over him. He was an athletic swimmer, and readily kept him afloat until he could be rescued." It is recorded that a certain woman started from her sleep at midnight and exclaimed, "O God, my husband is lost." Subsequent facts showed that the ship in which her husband sailed, went down at that very moment. In wars, mothers have been known, when hundreds of miles away from the scene of the slaughter, to know the precise spot where their sons have fallen, the character of their wounds, the time of their death: and all proved true to fact. Instances abound of persons telling the death of friends hundreds of miles away. The circumstances and exact time have all proved true. In fact we are often caught away to distant scenes and see and hear extraordinary things. Another idea which Paul seems to have of mind is, thirdly: That whilst here it *may exist and act* apart from the body and the *man not know it*. "Whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell, God knoweth." He was so charged with spiritual feelings, so absorbed with spiritual revelations, that he lost all consciousness of matter, and his relations to it. One great Divine thought, one grand spiritual passion can bury sun and moon, throw earth and heaven out of sight. The man whose soul is flooded with the higher elements of being, does not know for the time whether he is in the body or out of the body. The traveller in his excursions may be so absorbed with the grand and the picturesque in nature, that he may for a time forget the old house that he calls his home. Another idea which Paul seems to have of mind is, fourthly: That wherever or however it exists, it *constitutes the man*. "I knew a man in Christ." That which had these wonderful revelations he regarded as the man. Everywhere does the Apostle express this truth. To him the body was the costume of the man, which he put on at birth, and took off at death; the house in which he lived, the earthly tabernacle, the glass through which he looked. In fact he regarded the body as his, not him, the soul as himself, that which would thrive and grow when the outer man decayed.

—*Homilist*, Editor's Series, vol. 1, page 239.

TO INQUIRERS.

Persons who desire to inform themselves of the fundamental principles and evidences of Modern Spiritualism, are recommended to read, first of all, the following works:—

Howitt's "History of the Supernatural."

"From Matter to Spirit."

Epes Sergeant's "Planchette; or, the Despair of Science."

Brevior's "Two Worlds."

Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundary of the Other World."

Home's "Incidents in my Life."

Phelps's "Gates Ajar."

Ballou's "Glimpses of the Supernatural."

"Confessions of a Truth Seeker."

Wilkinson's "Spirit Drawings."

"Does Spiritualism Demand Investigation?" By William Carpenter. London: Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row. Price 6d.

Fudge Edmonds' *Spiritual Tracts*.

All these works may be obtained from Mr. James Burns, 15, Southampton Row, Bloomsbury, London. The Editor of this Periodical does not, of course, pledge himself to every single statement made in any one of these books; but he still considers them to be worthy of perusal, and invaluable aids to those who do really wish to know what Spiritualists have to say for themselves, and the grounds upon which their belief reposes.

LINES

Written by a friend, on the death of a beloved infant son, who was called away from earth while visiting St. Leonards-on-Sea, in the bloom of health and loveliness, after a brief illness of one week; aged seven months.

2 Kings iv, 26. "Is it WELL with the child."

She answered—"It is WELL."

Only one dark December-time,
With dull and gloomy hours;
And now, the "Everlasting Spring,"
The "never-withering flowers!"

Only one week of weary pains,
With suffering oppress;
And now, the Sabbath that remains,
God's everlasting rest!

Only one word of earthly speech,
The sweetest and the first;
And now, the Songs that Angels sing
From baby-lips have burst!

Only one journey, fondly borne
In arms of tenderest love;
And now, no wandering more for him,
Safe in the home above!

Yes, safe for ever! safe and blest,
Where they "go no more out,"
With Jesus, whom he never grieved
By any sin or doubt.

Not preluded by tearful prayer,
His happy praise shall swell;
The joy of "welcome" shall be his
Who never knew "farewell!"

Matthew xviii, 2. "Jesus called a little child unto Him."

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Depression of Spirits, Debility:—Some defect in digestion is generally the cause of mental depression. On rectifying the disordered stomach the long list of gloomy thoughts retires, and is succeeded by more hopeful and more happy feelings. Holloway's Pills have been renowned far and wide for effecting this desirable change without inconveniencing the morbidly sensitive or most delicate organism. They remove all obstructions, regulate all secretions, and correct depraved humours by purifying the blood and invigorating the stomach. Their medicinal virtues reach, relieve, and stimulate every organ and gland in the body whereby the entire system is renovated. No medicine ever before discovered acts so beneficially upon the blood and circulation as Holloway's celebrated Pills.

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1—An Essay upon the Ghost-Belief of Shakespeare. By Alfred Roffe.

2—The Prophets of the Cevennes. By William Howitt.

3—Remarks on the Character of Swedenborg's Translation of Genesis as given and explained in the "Arcana Coelestia."

4—What Spiritualism has Taught. By William Howitt.

5—Narrative of Astonishing Transactions at Stockwell.

What is Religion? A Tract for the Times. By Thomas Brown, author of "The Two Worlds," &c. Cloth, 1s.

Spiritualism v. Positivism: A Letter to Mr. Lewis and Professor Tyndall. By G. Damiani. 6d. Cheap Edition, 2d.

Human Immortality: Viewed in connection with Modern Spiritualism, and Kindred Topics. By William Smith. 6d.

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The Organ of Wonder, in Relation to Spiritualism. By Andrew Leighton, Liverpool. 3d.

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The Medium and Daybreak. Weekly, 1d.

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The Spiritual News. Monthly, 1d.

The Truthseeker. A Review of Literature and Events relating to the development of Religious Life and Liberty in the Christian Church. Edited by the Rev. John Pape Hopps. Published Monthly, price 3d.

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London: J. BURNS, Progressive Library, 15, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

STANDING NOTICES.

1. When correspondents send Articles relating to sittings, entrancements, or Spiritual phenomena of any kind, they must, in the communication, give dates, names of places, names of persons, and residences, in full, and for publication. Unless they do so, their communications will not be inserted. It is due to the public, who, from whatever cause or causes, are more or less sceptical about Spiritualism, that they should be furnished with details which they can trace and verify; and if Spiritualists are not willing to submit their statements to that ordeal, they will please not to send them to the *Christian Spiritualist*.

2. The names and addresses of contributors must be sent to the Editor, for publication. The rule by which anonymous contributions will be excluded will be absolutely obeyed; indeed all communications, of whatever kind, which are of an anonymous nature, will be at once consigned to the waste-paper basket.

3. The Editor will not undertake to return any rejected MSS., or to answer letters unless the return postage be enclosed.

4. A copy of the *Christian Spiritualist* will be sent by the Editor to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, for 12 months, on pre-payment of 2s. 6d. in stamps. Where any difficulty is experienced in obtaining it, it is hoped that the Editor, Rose Cottage, Swindon, will be written to at once.

5. Contributors will please to write as briefly as is consistent with explicitness, write on one side of the paper only, and number each page consecutively.

6. Books, pamphlets, tracts, &c., sent for Review will be noticed, or returned to the Publisher.

7. Readers who may know of persons who would be likely to be interested in the circulation of this periodical, would very much oblige the Editor by sending him lists of names and addresses, when the parties indicated will be communicated with.

8. The Editor will be glad to receive newspaper cuttings, extracts from books and periodicals, and any useful matter bearing upon the general subject of Spiritualism. Friends sending such information will be pleased to append names and dates, as the case may be.

9. In the event of any article in the pages of this Periodical having no name and address appended to it, it is to be understood that the Editor is responsible for its contents as well as its appearance.

Printed for the Proprietor (FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG) at the North Wilts Steam Printing Works, Swindon; and published by FREDERICK ARNOLD, 86, Fleet Street, London.—JUNE, 1871.

